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The House on Chapman Street



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Chapter 1 by The Ginger

The house on Chapman Street had a strange way of disappearing when nobody was looking.

Chapter 2 by R



Occasionally, when you turned around, there would be a vacant lot. It wouldn't always return when you turned back, and sometimes hours would pass when it didn't exist.

It was a very large house, the only one on Chapman Street, save for those that sat at the intersections, but you can't count those. If it weren't for that nasty habit of disappearing, it would be a wonderful buy.

I guess that's how the realtor managed to get me to buy a house that's about as likely to be there as it is not.

Chapter 3 by Wikedywik



It all started when I had seen him the first time. My brother, who had committed suicide, had appeared before me two years after his death. I was six. His ghostly sixteen year old form

hovered before me, looking away from me.

"John?" I asked quietly. The figure turned. His face lit up. His lips moved as if he was saying something, but I couldn't hear it. It sounded like an excited scream that was somehow whispered.

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"What? John?" I took a step forward, a held out a hand. He nervously held out his, and our fingers touched.

"Paige! Paige! Can you hear me?" He said. I looked up at him and nodded.

And ever since then, I have been reunited with my brother. We have had full on conversations, played hide-and-seek, anything a regular brother and sister had ever done.

Well, we also went to Haunted Houses.

Not the haunted houses you go to on Halloween or for fun. No, like, actually Haunted Houses.

We had found I had a knack for seeing dead things. It wasn't like it just happened, though. It had to be in a sacred place of the dead person, and they also had to be there.

So we had gone to every haunted house we could think of. At night, in the mornings, in the evenings, any time, any place, any where. And we had started to hear rumors.

Ghosts gossiping about the house that travels everywhere. The house that doesn't go anywhere, it just disappears. The house that no ghost could find unless they had been taken there. So naturally, John and I were interested.

Chapter 4 by Abyss



And so we decided to visit the house on a fateful Saturday. Honestly, I was nervous. The other haunted houses I visited with John were typically inhabited by benevolent spirits or, at the most, weak poltergeists. In those cases, John would aid me in vanquishing the spirit, usually by persuading it to move on or helping it with unfinished business.

This time, though, I was going to visit the house on Chapman Street. With my sixth sense came the ability to sense the aura of a location. Every time I would walk by the house - or vacant lot - a chill would run down my spine. That place held a dark and malicious aura, which both thrilled and frightened me.

I packed in my backpack a myriad of religious items. The crucifix, the Holy Bible, a few talismans, some charm bags, holy water, just anything that was rumoured to bring protection.

Soon, John and I were strolling towards the vanishing house. The sun was high in the sky. We weren't sure whether it would matter if we went in daylight or nighttime, so we decided on noon, in case we encountered something... Unpleasant.

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the street and disappeared in an alley. Odd. In my hand was an ordinary scrap of paper, with no particular shape. But from it, I felt the slightest tingle of spiritual energy.

"Sis?" John placed a hand on my shoulder. We had to be in physical connection to converse.

"Let's go." I said. We strode towards the house, which was, to our surprise, standing tall and dark. I came up to it, its shadow looming over me. I felt waves of malicious aura roll off of it, and I shivered.

I gripped the iron doorknob of the oaken door, and twisted. With a racing heart, I pushed it ever so slightly, and the door swung wide open, as if inviting me. John placed a hand on my shoulder.

"I'm with you, sis." The inside of the house was as dark as the night sky. Luckily, I had brought a few flashlights and candles with me, along with a fully charged phone.

I readied my phone. It was said that a camera could capture pictures of a spirit. At least, somewhere... Was it camera obscura? It didn't matter.

I held my phone up, camera at the ready. I gripped John's cold, ethereal hand for comfort, and steeled myself.

We stepped in, but before I could even switch my flashlight on, the door slammed shut with a whoosh. I had a feeling that was no turning back now. A sense of foreboding settled over me. A powerful chill ran down my spine, signalling the presence of a malevolent entity. John squeezed my hand for comfort, and I squeezed back.

"John, are-"

I turned to see that John wasn't there. Who squeezed my hand? Was it... Could it be? This early? My heart raced in my chest. I was too young for this.

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